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NO. 9.

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## *The Nassau Literary Magazine*

VOLUME LXIII.

MARCH, 1908

No. 9

### SWEETHEART, LET US BE TRUE

SWEETHEART let us be true. What matter then  
If worlds shall rush in wild, confusing song  
That drowns the prayers of the anguished throng?  
What matter that the blinded sons of men  
Have builded of our star a barbarous den  
Full of such air as breeds disease and wrong—  
Where souls grow sick and die, that should be strong?  
What tragedy! God's dream a leprous pen  
Not fit for swine. What tragedy of God!  
Perchance down deep beneath the horrid mire  
Are trampled gems of some diviner fire—  
The gems that cost a noble Christ his blood.  
The night is long; the morning and its dew  
Seem loath to come. Ah, sweet, let *us* be true.

—Henry Emil Joy.

## THE MARTYR

THE ponderous town clock had just struck the hour of six. Workmen emerged from their shops, and, forming small groups, plodded up the narrow streets. Even at this hour it was quite dark, for a dense fog had settled down and a cold, damp drizzle formed the scattered lights into hazy, shimmering globes.

Some men were talking loudly among themselves, while others, with empty lunch-pails and heavy implements over their shoulders, seemed to have no thought but to reach homes where they might find rest and shelter. Upon their rude features was imprinted an expression that was stern and grim, almost sullen. Seldom one laughed.

In one group a tall, haggard fellow was doing all the talking and his hearers, moving slowly, crowded about him as if to catch every word. So interested were they in the speaker that they failed to notice two persons who were leaning against the front of one of the buildings. One was a short, thick-set Swede, with a scraggy, red beard; the younger was a Russian, and in spite of a heavy overcoat it could be seen that he was neatly groomed. Had the Swede not been heavily cloaked also the workmen might have recognized him as Kalkov, the Nihilist leader. He nodded significantly to the younger. The day before he had been the center of just such a group and knew what they were discussing. There was only one thing a group of that kind could discuss. He continued speaking when they had passed.

"So, Edric, the lot has fallen to you. You should act at once; and may you be more successful than Aldorf. Him only have we lost. Are you ready?"

The Russian did not reply immediately. His

thoughts had wandered back to the low, curtained room impressively draped in red. There upon his knees by the dim light of a candle he had received the oath from Kalkov and had pledged himself to duty and obedience. It did not occur to him that he would ever be chosen. He had often wondered what he would do under such circumstances and now—Kalkov was waiting for his answer.

"I shall act to-night," he answered finally with an attempt at nonchalance. He felt a kind of awe in the presence of the Swede, for he felt himself bound by the ties of this socialistic religion of which Kalkov was the human deity.

The latter put his hand upon the Russian's shoulder. "My son," he said, solemnly, "You are yet young, your wife needs you, but likewise do we, and those men stumbling along yonder. Keep on your guard and there is no danger. It is for the good of all." He spoke in a short, jerky manner that was impressive.

At the mention of his wife's name Edric winced. She did not know that his position had been taken from him and that he had recently been dismissed from partnership in one of the largest foundries in Sanweitz. He had been occupying himself in town to keep her from suspecting the truth, and she would never know of his plan unless it were unsuccessful. And if he were caught—he trembled at the thought and, crossing himself devoutly, he bade the Swede good night and hurried away, choosing a deserted route. He wanted nobody to see him; wanted to see nobody.

He paused before a low cottage with gray shutters. "If Inez knew!" he muttered to himself. He wanted to stop—and think, but felt that she was probably watching for him from the window. At the door he was met by a woman whose dark hair and eyes were characteristic of her race. Her smile, as she embraced him, was one of affectionate greeting. He did not speak as he was removing his damp coat. His wife noticed something

unusual in his manner and waited until he had seated himself in front of the fire.

"You are late, Edric," she began, half questioningly.

"Yes, Inez, we are very busy now, you see—"

"Who are we?"

"Well, 'I' " abruptly.

"You told me yesterday that you had very little to do."

Edric glanced up quickly, and saw in an instant that she suspected him of keeping something back. He wanted to tell her about it all, to make a clean breast as he had done in everything else, but the face of Kalkov would appear before him in warning.

"Did I?" he answered, finally, "I meant that sometimes I am almost idle, and again—"

"Oh." There was a trace of doubt in the syllable. She came over to him and put her hand upon his arm.

"What is it, dear?" she begged.

"Nothing, Inez. Why?" and he fondly kissed her to show his indifference. His frown disappeared.

"I thought that perhaps you were not feeling well, or something—you seemed so, well, unusual. You must warm yourself," she added, forgetting her suspicions. "I will fix the tea."

Edric looked at his watch. It was half-past six. Kalkov had said seven.

"Inez," he hesitated, "I won't be able to wait. I'm sorry, but I must go out again since my clothes are dry."

Her eyebrows lifted. "Then there is something the matter? Why don't you tell me, Edric?"

"It is not so important," he explained for want of something better.

"But you were out last night, and I'm selfish enough to want you to stay with me sometimes. Besides if it's not important——"

"I didn't mean that. It is important, but I can't tell you—now, at least. I promised."

"But your wife?"

"I'm sorry," he persisted. He had taken his heavy coat. "I will be back at nine if—" He had gone dangerously far.

"If what?"

"If you want me," he finished with a weak smile that almost betrayed it's insincerity.

"Why must you work?" she went on apparently ignoring his sentence, "when your work makes you do those things which most people work to avoid. You labor for a home and yet allow your work to take you from it." There was an unusual note of invitation in her voice and she seemed almost angry.

"It is because I have a home and know what it means. I know many men who deserve homes and can't get them because they are not of the chosen tribe." In his mind he was talking with Kalkov and didn't realize the risk he was running.

Inez was regarding him curiously. She inferred that she was not supposed to understand and did not question him. Will you be back at all, to-night?" she asked.

"I will be—I will try to be back at nine."

"Then I shall keep the tea for you," she said as he kissed her good-night. After all his manner seemed more tender than usual and she noticed it. She had, perhaps, been too severe in her complaints and would explain later when he returned.

She watched him through the window until he was hid by the night, then, turning, she took the tea from the fire and waited.

\* \* \* \* \*

Count Menda was the richest man in Sanweitz. In fact he was the only rich man, for it had been the people's burden to give him this distinction. The massive iron fence which surrounded his great ore furnaces was but a

tangible evidence of an ostracism that was originally self-imposed for business reasons and now maintained universally by the people for personal reasons. Through the ponderous, swinging gate Menda might pass to and fro and thus establish the only connection which was allowed between the townspeople and this merciless machine of power and prejudice which was grinding the homes of many of the working classes into bits which the Count collected for his own use. To the people, however, it was a barrier against which they might beat in vain for mercy or revenge.

Once, about a year before, a man had entered this gate unobserved—because it was in accordance with his purpose. A few hours later the town was discussing the attempt that had been made upon the Count's life. The would-be murderer, a certain Aldorf, had been shot immediately in accordance with a standing order of Menda in such cases. It was his way of dealing with a band of Anarchists which had transformed radical social ideas into a kind of inviolable religion and whose existence was only manifested by such violent measures. The people began to hint that there may have been an element of self-protection involved in thus shutting himself in from this constant source of danger.

Hence it was an unusual thing to see the Count upon the streets as late as eight o'clock. As he passed one of the main corners a man heavily cloaked, who was lounging idly against the wall, scrutinized him closely. He had also observed the lights in the little private office, which fact coincided with his explanation of Menda's appearance at that hour.

As he passed, the stranger walked slowly after him for some distance, then leaned indifferently against the heavy fence. His hand selected one of the bars and he moved it slowly back and forth. Just as it was on the point of being loosened, one of the guards walked by, directly in front of him.

The newcomer paused and regarded him suspiciously. "Oh, it's you, Edric," he apologized after a moment. "Pardon, we never can tell; there's a council meeting to-night, you know."

"Is there? \* \* \* Terrible night Thord."

The guard nodded and walked on.

Less than half an hour later he was startled by a shout from inside, and, hastening toward the private office, he found others who, attracted by the call, came running in the same direction. The Count had been stabbed and a group of guards were surrounding a stranger who had been discovered by the sudden light from one of the great crucibles and was now secured.

Thord approached the group and recognized Edric. The latter returned his gaze steadily, a bitter smile of resignation upon his lips.

"I'm sorry, Edric," the guard said briefly, shaking his head. "I wondered where you had gone. I suppose you know my duty in such cases?"

Edric nodded. "When?" he asked, realizing Thord's meaning.

"Immediately. Of course," he added drawing him aside, "if there is anything—any message——"

Edric shook his head. He had been considering this possibility for some time. How could he explain to Inez? If he could see her and talk it over she might understand, perhaps even forgive.

Thord had motioned to the three other guards and the group walked slowly towards the rear of the building. As they passed the office the telephone of the Count was persistently but vainly calling for Menda. A sudden idea came to Edric. He called Thord's attention to the vacant room and spoke a few words. The guard hesitated then led the way toward the little office.

"Just a minute," he warned.

Edric paused. What could he say to her? He had left her in an uncertain mood, the nearest they had ever

come to a quarrel. Thord at the door shifted his position noisily and significantly. Edric grasped the receiver and gave his number in a shaking voice. He could follow Inez mentally as she rose from her seat near the fire and came to answer his call.

Finally there was a sharp click and her voice faint, but unmistakable, caused him to start.

"Is that you, Inez?" It was an unnecessary question.

"Oh, it's you, Edric—where are you?"

"I thought I would call you just for a word. Have only a minute. I was wondering if you thought I was—if you were angry to-night. I never saw you angry and I don't know——"

"Of course not, only I wanted to know what you were doing. Perhaps there was something troubling you, but I knew that I'd know sometime—won't I?"

"Yes, I'll tell—yes, you shall know. I don't want you to think——"

"Where are——"

"To think that because I didn't tell you then that everything wasn't all right. Did you think I would hide anything from you?"

"No-o, but why are you talking this way, Edric? Is anything the matter?"

"I had been thinking that perhaps—if you don't exactly understand and should hear something or anything about me that wasn't—that you didn't like, that you might hate me and I couldn't bear it from you."

"Why Edric, what do you mean, why don't you come home and tell me what it is?"

He winced. "I can't—now, perhaps not at all to-night—you won't mind will you?"

"Of course I'll care. Are you always going to be so busy? It is so lonesome sometimes. Where are you?"

The guard coughed.

"I must go, Inez. You had better not expect me at all to-night."



"Yes I will—there's the tea, you remember, you might change your mind. Good night."

"Good-bye." He hesitated a second then called again suddenly. "Inez!"

"Yes, dear," he heard faintly.

"If you should hear anything that you didn't like, if everything shouldn't work out right you won't be disappointed in me, will you? Will you try to believe that I thought I was doing right——"

"Oh, yes, you always have, but please tell me——"

"Not now. I must go—good-bye."

There was another pause and seized with the same impulse he called again desperately. There was no answer. He turned toward the guard.

"All right, Thord."

\* \* \* \* \*

Somewhere in the village a great clock tolled ten times slowly and dismally.

In the little cottage, with the gray shutters, Inez arose and going to the window peered anxiously out into the darkness. The mist was impenetrable and turning she walked slowly back to the fire. There was a troubled look upon her face. The tea had become cold and she carefully replaced it upon the fire and—waited.

—J. P. Alexander.



## LAST JUNE CAME DECKED IN ROSES

LAST June came decked in roses and wove garlands  
bright

Which blossomed all about me, and clad the drowsy  
day

In a flagrant wealth of splendor, and filled the purple night  
With perfumes madly fragrant; 'twas then I found the way  
That led to where your heart was, and I thought me far  
more gay

Far happier than any other wight.

Now Winter hides the roses 'neath her mask of glisten-  
ing snow,

And I too am forgotten, for you wear a sullen mask  
As though fain to hide from me that sweet, rich mellow  
glow

Of something I had dreamt of, for which I feared no  
task—

And, yet, Dear Heart I wonder if I, trembling now,  
dare ask

Will June bring back that Dream I cherished so?

—*LaFayette Lentz Butler.*

## THE DRIVE

THROUGH the white paved aisles of the forest, all crossed and figured by the black shadows cast by the full moon, journeyed a man—small, active in manner, eagerly pushing ahead over the frozen snow, for with the day would come the thaw, and his sled, bearing the last load of furs, would be too heavy to drag. All about him frowned the forest. Huge spruces, each with its burden of snow, stood like sentinels on every hand but Batiste Molinier was too familiar with the scene to notice its beauty. To get to the town—that was the one idea. “Bah! Dis snow!” he exclaimed to himself. “She is soon be gone lak un oiselet when the gun is fire. Den where is dis fur? I mus’ tek heem out on de tump. But now we mek St. Claire by de sun.”

On and on he went, till the moon began to pale in the tips of the firs, and a soft new light stole into the shadows beneath the snow-laden boughs. Soon stumps began to appear; then a rude semblance of a way and at last he turned into a broken logging road. Two miles more and he slipped the band from his forehead and straightened up to greet the storekeeper.

“A fine morning, Batiste!”

“Tres jolis, m’sieur,” Batiste replied. “By gar! I mek twenty mile las’ night, an’ dis las’ load, she is weigh hundred ten, twenty pound! Le grand garcon, moi-meme! Coffee, m’siur? Me, I shall eat lak one bear aftr de winter!”

“Come on in. The drive gets in to-day.”

“De drive? Sacre! Das fine! To-night dis ol’ town, she——” and the two passed out of hearing into the store which was also home to its owner.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, Batiste, re-

freshed by his day's sleep, came out from the back of the store, gay in a new red sash and shoe packs. His pockets burned with the proceeds of the winter's trapping, and his mind turned to pleasure. As with many others of his kind, Batiste's idea of pleasure began and ended with a glass of straight, burning whiskey. Ended? Yes, when his last cent had gone across the little green table or over the bar, and he reeled down the street cursing and threatening, to dive into some low doorway and—oblivion. But Batiste was wise enough to make his winter's earnings (and therefore his pleasure) last over several days, during which neither man nor beast was free from the vagaries of his spite.

And so, on this early spring afternoon he had just greeted his old friends at the "Beaver Tail" and was wandering down the hill toward the river, when he was arrested by a faint sound above the noise of the rapids and the whirring of the distant mill. Louder it grew and louder, and suddenly Batiste exclaimed, "De drive!" and started on a run for the river.

There, around the bend, like a black monster on the surface of the river, swept the logs. Balancing easily, carelessly, with a touch here—a mighty heave there, keeping the order, and all running smoothly, the river men—the drivers, moved into view. The sound Batiste had heard came louder and louder—the song of the river, which for years untold has kept up the swing of the paddle on the long cruise, and cheered the spirits of the timber drive.

"Visa a noir, tua le blanc,  
Rouli roulant, ma boule roulant,  
En roulant ma boule roulant."

French, Scotch or Irish, all were river men and all knew the old ballad, and they roared it out to the accompaniment of the grinding logs; for was not the winter over and the drive concluded? Should not a man sing

when his work is well done? Batiste caught the spirit of the crew and joined his high tenor to the chorus. As the logs drifted into the boom and backed up quietly, the men came ashore, leaping lightly from log to log—at their head a huge Highlander moving with all the grace and heavy swing of a mountain lion. Batiste mingled with the crowd, greeting friends, nodding at enemies, and together they passed up the hill into town a jovial, boisterous company, all but the leader. He made his way along the shore to the mill and entering the office was greeted cordially.

"I thocht I wad just make ma report, sir," he said in reply to the questioning of "Old Man" McAllister, part owner and senior partner in the McAllister Lumber Company.

"Very well, Angus. How is everything?"

"Fine, sir, fine. Man, that's grand timber! There maun be near to fifty million feet in this drive. Did ye ever ken the like o't?"

"Fifty-eight, the scaler's report shows."

"A weel, 'tis a braw sight, one o' they girt pines, sir. But we had a wee bit jam on the White Birch Rapid, an' I was fearfu' lest we hang her up for long."

"Well, Angus, your the man to bring her through on time. Oh! Miss Helen was asking for the drive this noon. She said, 'If they get in to-night, bring Mr. McLeod up to supper.' We'll be glad to see you—about half-past six."

"Thank you, sir. I'm a unco chief for sic a place, but I hae been there before. 'Tis the winter wi' the lads turns me glaikit. They're a hale lot,—I maun be aff to see they're in no feckless doin's."

As he stepped out of the office, McAllister turned to his desk again. "Wish we had ten like him for that Michigan crowd. He keeps the men in good spirits and gets every ounce of strength out of them. They'd go down the rapid if he sent them."

Angus McLeod, respected by his employer, worshipped by his men—"Big Mack," of Ottawa fame, and known as far back as Hudson's Bay for fearlessness and strength—Angus McLeod had one fault, and he was not to blame for that. A long line of Highland ancestors—shepherds, soldiers, seamen and lumbermen—had given him his inheritance: a prodigious body and a slow-moving brain. But get that brain once roused, once let him decide what was right, and you might as well try to stop the water in the middle of the rapid with a log boom.

Now he strode up the hill, and as he neared the saloon the sounds that greeted him caused a hastening of his pace. He threw the door open as someone yelled: "Lave me kill 'im, ye blackguards!" and with it the cry from several: "Here's Mack!" Batiste was struggling in the clutches of three big lumber jacks, while a similar group had caught Black Tim Dolan. Chairs were overturned, cards lay scattered about the room, and on the floor, in front of Batiste, spilled whiskey and broken glass and a long knife, while a deep red stain spread over Tim's sleeve. For a minute there was absolute silence, then McLeod asked quietly:

"Whose is yon knife?"

"'Tis his, th' dirty blank, blank, little Frinchman," roared Tim. "Phwat are yez hauldin' me for? Lave off."

"Hauld ye're tongue," commanded Angus. "What's this a' about? Canna a body bide awa' a meenit, wi'out ye're at ain anither's throchts? Batiste, gin ye pu' ye're knife on ain o' my lad again, I'se gie ye the dookin' in the watter ye're needin. Hand off, laddies."

The laugh that went round made the little Frenchman's face twitch with anger. Muttering oaths to himself he slunk toward the bar for another drink, and finally worked his way to the corner and stood cursing and drinking alternately. The men resumed their games and talk. Someone started a song and all joined in the chorus as it came round. As the clock struck six Tim came in with his arm bandaged.

"Potatoes is ready, bhoys," he announced.

Several arose and started toward the door whence the sound of frying came invitingly. "Coom awa' ben, Angus," said Robbie Cameron. "I canna the night, Rabbie," returned McLeod. The McAllister has bid me till them. Mind ye dinna get too tosie, wi' ye're arm cut, Tim."

"Aha, mon galant," spoke up Batiste from his corner, "invite, you say, M'sieur? Eet is un petit gaillard, n'est ce pas? Invite? Who needs le invitation pour visiter cela? Tout le mond will go there si le vieux been hout!"

For a minute McLeod glared at him, the color surging across his face. Then with a cry of rage he sprang toward him, but Batiste had taken advantage of the time to slip behind the bar, and with McLeod's rush was out through the window and away. Speechless with rage, Angus turned and strode out into the darkness.

The next afternoon, when the sunset colors were reflected in soft rosy tints on the snow and the March wind was laden with the gay twitter of snow birds and redpolls, Angus was strolling along the river. He was looking out over the closely packed logs, thinking of the long winter of cutting and hauling in the forest, of the camps where they had lived and of the men for whom he had cared. Hearing a step behind him he turned to see Batiste, red in the face and walking unsteadily. With a leer, Batiste called out:

"Hola, Angus! You fin' hout las' nit I spike de truth, n'est ce pas?"

It was more than Angus could stand, and, with an oath, he started for Batiste. The Frenchman turned, ran down the bank and out along the boom, where he jumped into the canoe that was kept tied there for emergencies, and was fumbling with the knot when Angus came leaping across the logs. With a quick stroke of his knife Batiste cut the painter and shoved out from the boom, where he sat grinning, waiting for Angus to come up. Seizing a

heavy peavey, Angus swung it high above his head and brought it down with all his strength. But the current had carried the canoe just beyond his reach, and as the hook came smashing down it struck the head of the paddle, where it extended over the edge of the canoe, and sent it spinning out over the water, far beyond reach.

At once both men realized the situation. Batiste, borne helplessly on the strong current, seemed to lose all reason, and like a madman, stood in the centre of the canoe, cursing and screaming. Then, as the craft was swept nearer and nearer the centre of the rapid, where the water slipped in a long, smooth slide down into that relentless turmoil below, Batiste dropped to his knees, clutched at the cross on the cord about his neck. Angus, leaning on the cant-hook, shaded his eyes and watched the canoe go down into the glittering path of the sun. Turning, he picked his way ashore, then stopped and gazed down the river again.

"Aweel," he said, "I was no so slow that time," and he started for the office to report.

—*Laurance M. Thompson*





MY PAIN

THE beggars of the earth have thieved my bread,  
They've climbed and crawled, and sought me  
night and day;  
And when their gorging bellies they had fed  
They turned and fled away.  
Nor have they left me merest, meager crumb  
To feed my soul beneath the driving rain—  
They took it all and left me lone and dumb  
To feed upon my pain.

Spirits of darkness entered at my door  
With sin-stained hands and faces as of death.  
They hurled my little pictures to the floor;  
And with a stenchful breath  
Puffed out their hollow cheeks, and harshly blew  
My bubble-dreams away.—But why complain?  
They went for fear of twilight and the dew  
And left me with my pain.

One day while wand'ring on a desert waste  
I met, methought, an angel by the way.  
She burned my lips with her and cried, "Make haste  
To fairer fields away."  
My soul leaped forth to follow her command  
And soon we plucked the roses of the plain—  
One day!—then darkness came. She dropped my hand  
And left me with my pain.

L'ENVOI

Say Prince, I know not if the song of earth be right—  
It must be, for a master plays the strain;  
But since the Fates have robbed my ears, my sight—  
Ah Prince leave me my pain.

—*Henry Emil Joy.*

## THE ISLAND OF MARKEN

**I**T was like being out of the world for a day! We took an innocent looking little steamboat at Amsterdam and sailed out through the Zuider Zee and all the while the boat seemed to be chuckling to itself at what it was going to show us—at least so it seemed to me. On and on we sailed and at last when we had just lost sight of the busy city of Amsterdam, away off there in the hazy distance we could faintly make out what seemed to be a lot of bean poles sticking up in the water.

"What't that?" asked a little girl of the captain as she pointed to the horizon.

"Those are the boats at Marken," said he, shoving his hands still deeper into his pockets (if it were possible) and walking up and down upon the deck with that air of self-satisfaction that only a captain on his own ship can feel.

"O-o-o-oh! But where are the houses? Don't they have houses in Marken?"

But the little vessel was speeding along and soon we could see a few buildings that appeared to be resting on the water.

The arrival of the boat was the signal for all the townsfolk to gather at the wharf, and down they came to greet us. The style of their dress has not been changed for the last two hundred years, and we thought that it was quite interesting; but the way they looked at us soon made us change our minds and we began to think that perhaps *we* were the show.

One unfortunate American camera fiend had just focussed his instrument on a few of the children when one of them spied him, and with a yell of "Monee for the photographee-e" they pursued him from the dyke into

the heart of the village. (I decided on the spot that I would not snap any pictures rather than act the drum-major and have these howling savages supply the music.)

Well, Marken is the quaintest place that you have ever seen! It's several feet beneath the level of the sea and the water is only kept out by the dykes. In winter, it does overflow the land; and the only thing that can be seen besides the houses is one lone apple tree. It must be awfully dreary! The people move up into the second story of their houses and let the ocean do the house cleaning on the lower floor. Perhaps that's the reason why their houses are so clean.

Their beds are queer arrangements. They are practically like closets with shelves in them. Fancy sleeping on a shelf and having another person on the shelf beneath and you have the idea of what they are like.

We wandered into several of the houses that were open for inspection, and marvelled at the abundance of Delft ware—and then we wandered out again. We walked along several of their narrow lanes—where only one person can go at a time—and might have lost ourselves if the town had been large enough. We heard the clatter-clatter of wooden shoes on the pavement and amused ourselves trying to guess which of the children were boys, for the only way that you can tell them apart until they are eight years of age, is by a round patch that the boys wear on the back of their caps.

Speaking of wooden shoes—. I saw one boy who had really been so heedless of customs as to invest in a pair of leather shoes! All of the other children were standing around him stamping on his foot "to see if he could feel it with that kind of shoes on!"

There were children everywhere—little one and big ones, fat ones and thin ones; and they made me think of the rats of "Hamlin Town." I never saw so many children! All of them had tow-colored hair and their bangs were brushed up in front to protect their eyes from the

sun! The ladies cut their hair every dozen years or so and, altogether, it certainly looks as though something were quite wrong.

We wended our way back to the landing through rows of these strange people who looked at us with their big blue eyes and stuck out their still bigger hands repeating (in a tone that was quite audible) the sweet refrain, "Monee-e, monee-e, monee-e for the photographee-e."

The boat seemed really to smile when we returned to the wharf, and the smokestack chuckled with glee. Yes, Marken is certainly a queer place!

—*I. Trumbull Wood.*



BEATING OUT OF CHESTER

NOW the sun's last rays have fled  
Over Aspatageon Head,  
And the galley smoke still lingers in the air;  
But the fog has blown away,—  
There's a rippling o'er the bay,  
And the sunset reddens wonderfully fair.

When the skipper leaves the wharf  
In his tender, blunt and dwarf;  
Slack your peak and lend a hand to set the throat.  
Leave the foresail till we're out:  
Use the jibs to come about.  
Toss the fenders overside to guard the boat.

Halyards coiled in even strands,—  
Hang each on its pin. All hands  
On the cable, dripping wet and clogged with weeds.  
Stow it neatly down below.  
Now the jib,—away ke go!  
Ease the wheel a bit and give her all she needs.

Run across for Hilshey's shack;  
There's the buoy—better tack,  
So its: "Ready, put about," and "Hard-a-lee!"  
Haul the jib-sheets close and tight.  
Lay your course for Quaker Light:  
We must beat our way to windward and to sea.

Now the breeze comes sweet and soft,  
Shove your hat back,—look aloft;  
Get your windage from the pointing of the fly.  
'Tis a handy little trick,—  
See the button on the stick  
Punching peep-holes through the dipper in the sky.

Quaker Light resembles Mars;  
The reflections of the stars  
Twinkle steadily, till all at once, they break  
Where the phosphorescence glows  
In the bone beneath her nose,  
And giddy trail of flame to mark her wake.

Watch them slowly sinking down:  
Distant lights of Chester town.  
Ironbound glows and glows again upon the lea.  
Now the way is clear before,  
We have passed the farthest shore,  
And the Raggeds are to windward.—Let them be.

With the night wind, West-so'-west,  
Breezing up to blow her best,  
We can slack the main away and run her free.  
Keep Polaris o'er the port.  
Who could ask for better sport?  
Oh—a cruising life's the only life for me!

—Laurance M. Thompson.



## SOME ENGLISH SONNETEERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

**I**N the sixteenth century England was flooded with a tidal wave of sonnets. Not only the great poets of the day, but all who thought they were poets, as well as some who were only very bad translators, tried their hands at this new verse-form. Most of these sonnets were employed to express the praises of some lady who, if we are to believe what we read, was a paragon of virtue and beauty. Perhaps this is sufficient explanation for the fact that these ladies usually existed solely in the poet's fancy.

Let us consider now what it was that aroused this sonnetteering craze over the whole of Western Europe so that more than three hundred thousand sonnets were produced within the century. If we trace the inspiration for this particular form of poetry back to its beginnings we shall find that it emanated from Dante and, more especially, Petrarch. The Renaissance in Italy brought these two authors prominently before the public eye and, some years later, when the Renaissance swept over England, and English gentlemen were accustomed to finish their educations in Italy, Dante and Petrarch found easy entrance into England.

There were, in sixteenth century England, two waves of sonnetteering (Sidney Lee's "Elizabethan Sonnets") The first was due to the influence of Dante and Petrarch; and the second, twenty-five years later, was largely due to the sonneteers of early sixteenth century France and Italy, although the influence of Petrarch was still very great.

The two men who were responsible for the introduction of the sonnet into England were Thomas Wyatt,

the elder, and the Earl of Surrey. These two men went to Italy to complete their educations and there came in contact with Petrarch's writings. Upon their return both wrote a large number of sonnets. Wyatt was the more prolific writer but his poetry was rather ragged and was largely composed of "direct translations" of Petrarch. Surrey, on the other hand, who seems to have had more native skill though less poetical feeling, showed greater freedom in his translations.

Twenty-five years elapsed after the death of Surrey in 1547 before the second and largest wave of sonneteering swept over England. This time the inspiration came mainly from France through which attention was eventually turned to Italy. In England, as was true also in these two other countries, there was noticeably lacking any large amount of originality in thought or expression. Spontaneity was, also, rare, even among so many sonnets. Petrarch's general topic—the Platonic ideal of love (expressed with little true sentiment)—was taken up as the usual subject of the Elizabethan sonneteers. It must be admitted, however, that, while the inspiration and subjects were not original, the English writers did it most cases improve on their models.

Thomas Watson is a good example of this imitative method of writing sonnets. In his book "*The Hekatompathia*," he disdains all pretense to originality and explains his poems as mere literary exercises. In form most of his sonnets have defects or blemishes of some kind. The following sonnet on Spring is perhaps as good as any he wrote:

LI.

"Each tree did boast the wished Spring times pride,  
When solitarie in the vale of love,  
I hid myselfe, so from the world to hide  
The uncouth passions which my heart dide prove.  
No tree whose branches did not brave lie spring,



No branch whereon a fine bird did not sit:  
No bird but did he shrill notes sweetlie sing,  
No song but did contain a lovelie dit.  
Trees, branches, birds and songs were framed faire  
Fit to allure fraile mind to careless ease:  
But careful was my thought, yet in despaire,  
I dwelt, for brittle hope me cannot please.  
For when I view my loves faire eies reflecting,  
I enttaine despaire, vaine hope rejecting."

As if the sonnet and all sorts of lyric poetry had not received sufficient impulse, a revival of Italian music took place at about this time, and gave added impetus to all lyrical outbursts.

Sir Philip Sidney, who was himself a voluminous sonneteer, utters a complaint in his "Apologie for Poetrie." He says: "If I were a mistress, sonneteers would never persuade me that they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches as men that had rather read lover's writings, and so caught up certain sweetening phrases . . . . . than that in truth they feel those passions." His own depth of feeling may, however, be doubted inasmuch as his own sequence of love sonnets, "Astrophel and Stella" describes his pursuit of Stella's (Lady Penelope Devereux) affections and is, at the same time, dedicated to his wife! Sidney took a step in advance of the translating sonneteers by endeavoring to "paraphrase" and "adapt" his foreign examples. A good example of his sonneteering at its freest is XLI from "Astrophel and Stella." This sonnet shows both his usual style of diction and the rhyming system most frequently employed:

"Having this day, my horse, my hand, my lance  
Guided so well; that I obtained the prize:  
Both by the judgment of the English eyes;  
And of some sent by that sweet enemy, France!  
Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advance;

Townsfolk, my strength; a daintier judge applies  
 His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;  
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;  
 Others, because of both sides, I do take  
 My blood from those who did excel in this;  
 Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.  
 How far they shot awry! The true cause is,  
*Stella* lookt on, and from her heavenly face  
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race."

Now Italian writers of this century followed, as a rule, Petrarch's usual scheme of a b b a, a b b a, c d e, c d e and French writers followed suit for the first eight lines, but introduced the variation c c d, e d e in the sestet. Another feature of the French and Italian writers was their limitation of the rhymes to five in number. George Gascoigne thus describes the common Elizabethan form:

"Fourtene lynes, every lyne conteyng tenne syllables. The first twelve to ryme in staves of foure lynes by cross metre, and the last two rhyming together, do conclude the whole."

The result of this departure from the true form of the sonnet was, of course, the destroying of its perfect symmetry. Sidney Lee says:

"The concluding couplet came to dominate Elizabethan sonnet and the twelve lines preceeding gradually lost demarcations and limitations of separate quatrains and tercets and developed into unbroken strings of alternately rhymed lines."

Now Sidney refused to be limited by these English rules. It is true he used the rhyming couplet at the end very frequently (eighty-five out of the one-hundred-and-eight sonnets in "*Astrophel and Stella*" ending with it), but he also clung to the double quatrain of the preceding lines very tenaciously.

About the time of the publication of "*Astrophel and Stella*" "*Pandora*," by J. Southern, was produced. This

book is of interest only in so far as it is illustrative (if somewhat extremely so) of the clumsy plagiarisms of a certain class of poetasters. It marked the wider departure of Elizabethan sonnets from personal feeling.

Samuel Daniel was one of the most important of the Elizabethan sonneteers. Like Sidney Watson and Spencer he gained his first influence from the French writers and through them came into contact with Italian thought. His poems are the product of a dominating desire to adhere to foreign and domestic sonneteering fashions. He employed several verses to express the belief that his poems would make immortal the fame of their subject, as indeed was the case with many other poets of the day.

In this sixteenth century it may truly be said that no one sonneteer stands independent of those that have preceded him. All are indebted in a greater or less degree. Daniel was no exception to this rule. A characteristic sonnet of his is XXXII. copied from Desportes:

"Why doth my mistress credit so her glass  
Gazing her beauty, designed her by the skies?  
And why not rather look on him, alas!  
Whose state best shows the state of murdering eyes.  
The broken tops of lofty trees declare  
The fury of a mercy-wanting storm;  
And of what force your wounding graces are,  
Upon myself, your best may find the form.  
Then leave your glass and gaze yourself on me!  
That ever shows the power of your face:  
To admire your form too much may danger be,  
Narcissus changed to flower in such a case.  
I fear your change! Not flower nor hyacinth;  
Medusa's eye may turn your heart to flint."

Henry Constable, the author of "Diana," had more poetic feeling than most of his contemporaries. His verse was at times musical and stately, and his ability is

vouched for by the fact that Shakespeare is known to have "read and borrowed" from his verse. Like Daniel he adhered to the fashions of the day and compared his "Diana" to sun, moon and various phenomena of Nature.

A typical example of the woe-begone lover's complaint is the following from the Sixth Decade:

"Unhappy day! unhappy month and season!  
 When first proud love, my joys away adjourning,  
 Poured into mine eye (to her eye turning)  
 A deadly juice, unto my green thoughts geason.  
 Prisoner I am unto the eye I gaze on:  
 Eternally my love's flame is in burning:  
 A mortal shaft still wounds me in my mourning  
 Thus prisoned, burnt and slain; the spirit, soul and  
 reason;  
 What tides me them, since these pains which annoy me,  
 In my despair, are evermore increasing?  
 The more I love, less is my pains' releasing;  
 That cursed be the fortune which destroys me,  
 The hour, the month, the season, and the cause;  
 When love first made me thrall to lovers' laws."

Thomas Lodge was a very wide reader, and his works show to what a great extent he owes his fame to Desportes, Ariosto, Ronsard and the others whose works he read. He was not lacking in "poetic feeling and ability" and frequently improved perceptibly on his model, as in the following:

"Sweet bees have hived their honey on thy tongue,  
 And Hebe spiced her nectar with thy breath."  
 ("Phillis" XXII.)

Which is a translation of:

"Une miguarde abeille  
 Dans vos lèvres forma son nectar savoureux."  
 (Ronsard, "Amours" II ii.)

Barnabe Barnes was a voluminous sonneteer, but many of his poems were lacking in polish and refinement of style. He endeavored to reproduce not only classical ideas but also classical metres, with a result that, needless to say, was not successful. His best sonnet is the one on contentment:

"Ah sweet Content! where is thy mild abode?  
Is it with shepherds, and light-hearted swains,  
Which sing upon the downs, and pipe abroad,  
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?  
Ah, sweet Content! where dost thou safely rest?  
In heaven, with angels? which the praises sing  
Of Him that made, and rules at His behest,  
The minds and hearts of every living thing.  
Ah, sweet Content! where doth thine harbour hold?  
Is it in churches, with religious men,  
Which please the gods with prayers manifold;  
And in their studies meditate it then?  
Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appear;  
Be where thou wilt! thou wilt not harbour here."

Giles Fletcher on the title page of his book of poems disclaims all pretense to originality, saying that his poems are "to the imitation of the best Latin poets and others."

"A man may write of love and not be in love," he says, challenging his critics to point out any woman as the original of his "Licia."

The sonnet reproduced below is constructed, according to the ordinary English custom, and is one of Fletcher's best efforts:

SONNET XXVIII.

"In time the strong and stately turrets fall.  
In time the rose and silver lily die.  
In time the monarchs captive are and thrall.  
In time the sea and rivers are made dry.  
The hardest flint in time doth melt asunder.

Still living flame, in time doth fade away.  
The mountains proud, we see in time wore under:  
And earth, for age, we see in time decay.  
And earth, for aye, we see in time decay.  
The sun in time forgets for to retire  
From out the East, whence he was wont to rise.  
The basest thoughts, we see in time aspire.  
And greedy minds, in time do wealth despise.  
Thus all, sweet Fair, in time must have an end:  
Except thy beauty, virtues, and thy friend."

Fletcher is really one of the very best sonneteers of his day. Even Sidney Lee, who is very sparing of his praise, says:

"Fletcher's verse is quite passable and shows a command of sonnet form and metre which few of his contemporaries excelled."

Michael Drayton, who followed Fletcher, was also an excellent sonneteer for his day. In some of his sonnets he shows the results of haste but most of them exhibit a very high order of poetic merit, as the following well-known example:

"Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part!  
Nay, I have done. You get no more of me!  
And I am glad, yea, glad, with all my heart,  
That thus so cleanly, I myself can free.  
Shake hands for ever! Cancel all our vows!  
And when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows,  
That we one jot of former love retain!  
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath;  
When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;  
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes:  
Now, if thou wouldst! when all have given him over,  
From death to life, thou might'st him yet recover!"

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Spenser the only other sonneteer of any account (except Shakespeare) in this sixteenth century reached on the whole a higher degree of perfection than any of his predecessors. Perhaps this was due to the fact that most of his sonnets were written at a more mature age than were those of the other authors. There was in Spenser a good deal of originality, and he showed that he had a true appreciation of the symmetry and continuity of the sonnet when he restored the number of rhymes to five and rhymed the first line of the second quatrain with the last line of the first quatrain, and the first line of the third quatrain with the last line of the second quatrain.

Sonnet LXXV. gives us a little glimpse of Spenser's originality and at the same time illustrates his new rhyming scheme:

"One day I wrote her name upon the strand;  
But came the waves, and washed it away:  
Again, I wrote it with a second hand;  
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.  
Vain man said she, doest in vain assay  
A mortal thing so to immortalize;  
For I myself shall like to this decay,  
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.  
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise  
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:  
My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,  
And in the heavens write your glorious name.  
Where, when as death shall all the world subdue,  
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

On the whole the English sonnets of the sixteenth century developed steadily for the better. At first they assumed a form that was in some ways unfavorable to the true symmetry of the sonnet; and the ideas and imagery expressed in them were borrowed from Italian and French writers. The subject of these sonnets was almost exclu-



sively the imaginary lady-love of the poets who was compared with true poetic license and little emotion of a real kind, to almost every conceivable object in Nature. Scattered all through this period there were men who were not even deserving of the name of translators who, by their bold plagiarisms and crude language and construction, brought the sonnet into temporary disrepute. Gradually, however, the sonnet improved in form and substance under the hands of such men as Sidney, Fletcher, Drayton and Spenser until it reached the greatest power that it had during the century in the hands of the master-worker, Shakespeare.

—*Tertius van Dyke.*





THE UNKNOWN HEROES

**N**AY—not to them who for the battlefield  
Poured forth their blood in Freedom's cause and  
name

Nor e'en to them crowned by the wreaths of Fame  
Who sang great songs when simpler lips were sealed  
Nor yet to them whose lives great truths revealed,—  
Great truths—which in the darkness were a flame  
For groping comrades, filled with awe and shame—  
To none of them would I the laurels yield.

But rather brightest garlands would I plead  
For that great mass of men who go their ways  
With cheerful, earnest hearts ready to give  
The cheering word, without a thought of meed;  
The needed aid, without a cry for praise:  
Who, though the world forgot, yet dared to live.

—*LaFayette Lentz Butler.*

## THE HERMIT THRUSH

**A**LL through that long sweet day of June the sun  
Lay like a blessing on the northern hills,  
And the great rock-crowned mountains towering  
high

And all the smaller hill-tops felt its warmth  
Run down through all their frames. The shaggy pines  
Seemed to raise up their storm-tossed arms to feel  
The mellow sunshine; all the air was sweet  
With odours of the dark brown earth and green  
Things growing.—Lo Young Spring had changed and  
grown

Even more perfect in the charm of fuller bloom.  
All day along the edges of the stream  
Singing their small contented songs the warblers  
Played, flutt'ring from bough to bough through sun  
And shadow. Now and then, through all the woods,  
Ran the low murmuring laughter of delight  
Answering the kisses of the vagrant wind.  
High in the tallest trees the vireo,  
That indefatigable worker, sang  
His cheerful lay ev'n when the heat of noon  
Had hushed the other birds, and laid to sleep  
The wand'ring wind.

And so the shadows lengthened  
Into afternoon. The hilltops stood  
In sunlight, but the valleys slept darkened  
With cool green shade. The little brook still sang  
Adown its crooked stairway, but its voice  
Was quieter since the wind had fall'n asleep.  
The birds that sang before were silent now;  
So still it was I almost thought I heard  
The gentle breathing of Young Summer's breath,

The while she waited, in the evening calm,  
To hear some sweet expression of the perfect  
Peace that thrilled all Nature, and yet lacked  
A voice fit for the singing of so rich a theme.

Then tremblingly a thrill of music filled  
The waiting silence, but so sweetly soft  
It rang that scarce I knew whether some bird  
Were singing, or perchance whether these hills  
And valleys, at this hour of peace, were fall'n  
Through perfect silence into fancied song.

Again and yet again the magic song  
Pealed with the harmony of silver bells;  
And more and more I felt myself entranced  
Till all the world slipped from me, and I saw  
Great cities turned to helpless dust, kingdoms  
Dissolving like the mist at sunrise, all  
The mighty glories man has made lying  
Mere broken baubles in the lap of Time,

Slowly the golden flood of sunset ebb'd,  
The hills grew dusky and the music ceased,  
And one by one the stars came into view.  
Now in my heart was giv'n the perfect gift  
Of peace, for I had heard the harmony  
Of heav'n and earth, interpreted in song;  
And all my homeward way through bosky glades  
And shadowed valleys in the mysterious night  
Thrilled with the wonder of a silent joy.

—*Tertius van Dyke.*

## Aftermath

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### THE LONELY POET

**D**AY came with silvered feet and gilded locks  
And sought me out beneath the murm'ring trees.  
He bade me follow over sea-washed rocks—  
Then of a sudden drooped into the seas.

Night came with her black shroud and purple eyes  
And scattered diamond dust beneath my feet.  
Ah, me, too soon she fled through waning skies  
And left me dreaming in the twilight sweet.

I sat me down and wrote all I had seen  
And dreamed, in mumblings wrought from out my soul.  
I wrote the verses with my blood; but spleen  
Did curl the common lip that called me fool.

Death came, and with her lips of cold pearl white  
Breathed gentle healing on my broken heart.  
Glad now my spirit lives with Day and Night  
Where poetry and life are part and part.

—*Henry Emil Joy.*

### THE PASSING

**T**HEN Death came by, piping on his long reed two  
notes, high and clear, but one was shrill and one  
was softly sweet. So he passed out of the dust  
of the high-road, and through the noiseless grass to the  
door of a shaded cot. And the piping ceased as he threw  
back his long black cloak till the moon played in splotches  
on the blood-red lining. Stooping low, he looked in at  
the dark door, where a beam of moonlight made a streak  
of silver on the stone floor and gave sufficient glow to

disclose a wasted form, decently draped in white and covered with a gray mantel, lying on the low couch. Once more Death sounded on the long reed two notes; the one, high, shrill, long-drawn: the other lowly, plaintive, a short sob. And the form at rest folded her hands and opened her eyes:

"Never have I seen thee, yet I know thee. What wilt thou?"

And Death, his pipe removed, made answer: "Thy very hour is come."

Long lay the maiden, looking on Death, nor spake, nor stirred with any motion. Her very breath had seemed to stop and still she gazed out of her eyes. Then Death:

"Thou hast heard my pipe. Art ready?"

Again she waited long. Her lips scarce stirred: "My work is not complete. I leave no record—no memory."

To which Death replied: "There are many such."

A third time long she lay. Then: "My friend I left in tears, would that I might tarry yet to comfort him!"

And Death turned, and gathering his red-lined cloak of black, with folded arms, strode out through the door. And in passing, the folds of his cloak brushed a full blown rose, so that its petals fell—a splash of blood on the stone doorstep. Death turned and looked on it; then, laying his reed to his lips, passed on down the road into the dusk of the night.

—*L. M. Thompson.*

### DREAM-GHOSTS

OF T when I've turned my mind to other days  
 And olden dreams that never came to pass,  
 Or called back faces of a lad or lass  
 Whom once I knew, or pictured untrod ways  
 Which fancy traced, then rise from out that haze  
 Of time-dulled thought, a genial shadowy mass  
 Of phantoms whom I once thought real. Alas!  
 How swift their flight before the stern truth's blaze.

And yet I've loved my dream-ghosts, love them still,  
And even now, when lost in troubled thought,  
There come a comfort as I feel them loom,  
A strangely silent troop from out my will,  
Who haunt my room with hopes my heart had sought,  
Till banished by the curling films of gloom.

—*LaFayette Lentz Butler.*

### THE CATHEDRAL

OUR country may claim equality with Europe in its scenery, and may boast of its manufactures, but in the glorification of God by the works of man Europe will remain supreme. The years of the Renaissance and the Reformation, when men died for their faith, enkindled throughout the old world a religious fervor that sought expression in the raising of mighty temples. They were built not for that day alone but for all time, and the labors performed in those years of tumult still remain as the embodiment of such an intense feeling as has never since been manifested. All that was considered beautiful and lovely the builders wove into their work and now the long aisles and vaulted roofs contain the story of their life. Did a foreign invader enter their land and induce them to build after other models? We can read it in the altered style of architecture. Did they throw off the shackles of tradition and seek a new type of their own? The result of their endeavor is all around us. And so these great Cathedrals have become more than a pile of stones: they are each a beautiful epic of reverence to a Power mightier than the powers of earth. Sweet chimes still summon the worshipers to assemble beneath those lofty arches and pillars that have defied the ravages of Time. Within the solemn walls are the baptismal fonts of kings who, when their pilgrimage of life was over, returned to

rest in the protecting shelter, while another race with new interests played their little part on the stage of life and then were laid away with their fathers.

As we sit pondering the days that fleeting Time has carried into the past, the deathly silence seems to grow deeper and deeper; the low rays of the setting sun falling aslant on "storied windows" touch the walls around us with a soft hue. Far off in the uncertain distance sounds the first sweet strain of the evensong; and the slow chant, with voice answering to voice recalls those days when monks paced the cloisters telling their beads. The mellow tones of the organ, filling even the remotest corner with their harmony, carry us away from the affairs of life; and we sit as in a dream.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our forefathers built for majesty, and "they builded better than they knew." Pillars that have stood a thousand years support the roof, yet the carvings in wood and stone are often so frail that they would crumble at the slightest touch. The blocks in the walls are hewn from the solid rock, yet nearby are delicate mosaics which excite the wonder of all. Silent and enduring, these Cathedrals are the monuments of the Past to the Supreme Being, and represent in their simplicity and grandeur the best that man could offer.

We should not envy Europe in the possession of her beautiful Cathedrals, for they resulted from upheavals that for a time rent her in twain; nor can we hope that the cold commercialism of to-day will ever again be stirred by such a feeling of religious zeal. Those years are long past, and in Europe alone will be found the most noble tribute of man to his Maker.

—I. Trumbull Wood.

## Editorial

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*The Reason  
for College  
Literary  
Magazines.*

The life of every man, whether he be a college man or not, is a constant endeavor, consciously or unconsciously, to express his personality—those feelings, emotions, thoughts and yearnings which he perceives stirring within him. The man who has the most means of expression at his service has a better chance of succeeding than his less fortunate friends. Here is a business man who is a persuasive, forcible speaker and able also to write fluently and intelligibly. If he is an active, purposeful man his gifts of expression will be of constant use to him. Some day it may be necessary to convince a man through the agency of letters. What are you going to do if you flounder helplessly in the intricacies of your native tongue? Will your letter be convincing if it is not concise, clear and to the point? Men in college have too little fluency of literary expression. Recall to mind many of the letters you receive.

For the development of this faculty the best assistance is gained from constant and careful practice in writing, and for this purpose there is nothing in a University outside the curriculum so valuable as a literary magazine.

But for a man to obtain ability in literary expression he must go further than the constant and careful expression of thought in written words. He must study the methods and ways of the great masters of prose and verse. In this way a man's interest in reading is increased and he reads more widely and intelligently because he



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understands, from his own experience in a small way, some of the difficulties that beset the author's path. Take a man who is unable to see the beauty of a noble piece of poetry and persuade him to attempt the writing of some verses of his own, and, if he has honestly made the attempt, he will come back with at least a respect for the poet if not a real appreciation of his poetry. This is because our appreciation of beauty depends on understanding to the point where wonder and awe may take the place of knowledge.

One of the most important assets of a man is his imagination. The ability to recall past happenings, to picture future events, to see what might have been and what may be, is a gift that has been of inestimable value to the world. It is responsible for many a discovery of Science and creation of Literature. Now, the man who is to write well must have no weak and uncertain imagination. If he is to make his description clear to his readers it must be clear to himself. And he must see the picture even more clearly than his reader, for the reader is usually to see only the salient points, while the author must select these salient points from the entire picture. Furthermore, if the author is describing such events, persons or scenes as he has seen in the past, it is necessary that he shall have been a keen observer, or he will fail to convey a distinct and real impression.

Finally, the existence of a college literary magazine requires that some men, at least, must do careful, conscientious work for it. It is the kind of work that, although at times it may seem futile, is at last (according to the testimony of older men who have been through it), of real value. The power of self-expression, an increased interest in books and a deeper appreciation of the beauty and value of Literature, a vivid imagination and a keen power of observation are things that any man, much less the University man, can ill afford to lose.

*The 1909  
Board.*

The following men have been elected to succeed the present board of this magazine.

They will assume control with the April issue: John Cobb Cooper, Jr., of Jacksonville, Fla., Managing Editor; Editors: Wilfred John Funk, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Spencer Wilson Phraner, of Bloomfield, N. J.; John Grier Buchanan, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Milton Matter, of Marion, Ind.; Charles Taylor Plunkett, of Adams, Mass.; Business Manager, Steuben Butler Murray, Jr., of Germantown, Pa.

In retiring from active connection with the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE the 1908 editors take this opportunity of expressing their thanks to their various friends of the Faculty, the undergraduates, the graduates and members of other colleges. A literary magazine, like a man, cannot prosper without friends. And we feel that we have been particularly fortunate in this respect. To the new editors especially we are grateful, and we wish them all success in their management of an institution our belief in which has only been strengthened by a year's experience.



## Gossip

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"Drink a health to me;  
For I must hence; farewell to you all."

—*Shakespeare.*

It was the last night of the Gossips official connection with the LIT. He was seated in his comfortable chair in the corner of the sanctum lost in reverie. No longer should he draw up his chair to the editorial table and render dignified opinions with his fellow editors on various subjects. Never again should he sit in his corner, reading far into the night in some quaint, old book and idly jotting down stray thoughts for the edification of his friends. Let the clock but strike twelve and Atropos, the inevitable, would snip the thread and—the Gossip would be no more.

You know gentle reader (for surely you have experienced it yourself), that pleasant mood of melancholy into which you fall at a time like this? Events, people, scenes from the past float by in endless procession. Of your own existence you are scarcely aware. Everything is enveloped in a faint mist like that which enhances those old tales of romance. You remember dimly, as in a dream.

It was in this mood that the Gossip sat dreaming of his four years of college that would so soon be past. He remembered the cannon rush of freshman year when, for the first time, the spirit of his class burst into flame in the eager desire to punch somebody's head. He remembered the days when great crowds surged over the campus to see some big athletic contest, and the days when only the simple students were in evidence ploughing their way to classes through great drifts of snow. Late at night when only a few windows have borne testimony to the burning

of the midnight oil, the Gossip has made his lonely way across the campus and seen Old North lying dark and mysterious under the pale glitter of the frosty stars. He has seen the two Halls looming dim and ghostly—a veritable bit of transplanted Greece—beneath the misty moonlight of a spring night. He has wandered across the green grass on a May morning arm-in-arm with his friends. Every place on the old campus has its associations. And how soon it will all be a thing of the past! But the memories of it will not fade. Some day the Gossip will escape to a peaceful spot in the summer woods or a quiet room by a cosy fire and wonder if it is all the same as it used to be. He will shake his head reminiscently feeling quite sure that things cannot be as they were in the good old days. There will be a wonderful satisfaction in that, anyway. And the old LIT.! Who will be sitting in the poor Gossip's chair, then? Someone who has forgotten (if he ever knew) the Gossip of such an ancient class as 1908.

The Gossip took a melancholy pleasure in these lonely thoughts. The candle on the table burned with a dim, flickering light so that the faces in the pictures on the wall seemed now to smile and now to frown. Fascinated, the Gossip watched them, scarcely knowing whether he or they were the more real.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The clock of Old North was striking twelve. The Gossip came to himself with a start. He rose to his feet and, muttering an incoherent farewell to everything (so familiar and friend-like had books and pictures become to him), he turned and fled out into the clinging mist of an early spring night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Within the sanctum the candle guttered and flickered in its socket; and the ghost of another Gossip sat solemnly in its accustomed chair waiting till morning and the arrival of a live, new Gossip should drive it to take refuge with its ghostly predecessors.

## Editor's Table

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### RETROSPECT

There is always a "sadness of farewell" in realizing that a particularly pleasant task is finished, and, despite the fact that its completion had been desired at times, there comes a pang of regret as we finally write "finis" and lay it aside no more to be resumed. The Editor finds it hard to believe that next month some new face will be sitting at the desk, some new hand carrying on the work where he had stopped, while he, on the contrary, will have left the sanctum never again to enter in his editorial capacity. But as he leaves there is considerable consolation in the fact that it has not been wholly in vain that he had the privilege of swinging in the swivel-chair before the Editor's Table. It brought him new friends. It opened his eyes. It gave him pleasant acquaintance with numerous other college magazines. It allowed him to see what other college men were doing and thinking and how they were doing it. And all this counted for a great deal.

When the Editor started in at his work last April, his whole horizon glowed with ideals. He fell short of them, and very properly too, for if a man can actually reach his ideal, his ideal is not very high. While the Editor did not fulfill his promises to himself, he did not absolve himself from them, and now regrets that winged Time will not allow more opportunities. The exchange department is one of the best on a magazine, because it develops a catholicity of taste and a broadening of views. It should be used as a privilege of criticism but not as an avenue of fault finding. Its criticisms should not be regarded as the final word, but rather as mere *obiter dicta*.

Again the reader should always remember that the views are those of one man and indicate merely the manner in which *he* was impressed. Last June the Editor wrote "As one is incapable of reviewing all the periodicals, the selection of those to be reviewed is oftentimes arbitrary. \* \* \* Worst of all no two people have the same taste and the conclusion reached is nothing more or less than an individual estimate." And he proffers this as any apology now for any shortcomings in the eyes of his fellow Editors.

When he glances over the various magazines of the past year, one or two things especially impress him. In the first place, there seems to have arisen no genius in the undergraduate world of letters, and secondly, many of the writers have imitated, consciously or unconsciously, the writers of to-day or the older masters. We have had thrilling mystery, stories in the vein of Poe or Stevenson; love stories, after the fashion of Howells or Meredith; problem dramas, in the wake of Ibsen and Sudemann; short tales, in the style of Maeterlinck and Grahame; verse, chiefly lyrical, decorated with a Browning-like vagueness or a Stephen Philips picturesqueness; essays with the color of Bensen and Lafcadio Hearn glistening in them; and—in short, very little really original and striking material. The Editor is not at all dissatisfied with such evidence, he really thinks it praiseworthy. The college writer is supposed to experiment with all the various methods, and the more freely he does so, the more polished will his style become, the more facile his means of expression. What should be aimed at primarily, and evidently is in most cases, is the seeking out of the best method of turning loose our thought. We should send it out to pasture and let it graze on many grasses, till it finds those which are most pleasing to its taste. And no doubt we will find that it is a combination of these delicate herbs that will delight our appetite the most fully. But we should also be cautious and guard against too

obvious imitation. On the other hand, as Stevenson says and did: "Before he can tell what cadences he truly prefers, the student should have tried all that are possible, before he can choose and preserve a fitting key of words, he should long have practiced the literary scales."

The tables of contents of the college magazines have been arranged attractively for the most part. The editors seemed to have had the happy faculty of observing appropriateness, as well as diversity, in their articles and have neither published a Spring poem in the December issue nor overloaded a number with intolerably dry essays. Their readers have been furnished with literary meals well seasoned, with entrées and desserts as well as dinners. As usual the poetry has been better handled than the prose, yet this fact is almost proverbial among undergraduate letters.

And now we can only wish the new boards the greatest success in their undertaking; we will not burden them with detailed advice, for they would not heed it anyway, but in conclusion will bid them, in the words of Browning:

" 'Strive and thrive, cry 'Speed—fight on, fare ever  
There as here! ' "

—*LaFayette Lentz Butler.*

Hands off cheap gloves  
if you want well-gloved  
hands. Hand out

**FOWNES  
GLOVES**



## Book Talk

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### **A History of Classical Scholarship**

The study of classics and the knowledge of classical authors and scholarship seems to be largely a thing of the past in American universities. The falling off is generally deplored, for the value of Greek and Latin to the ordinary student, as well as the scholar, is admitted; and yet the defection continues. At such a time it is a pleasure to welcome John Edwin Sandys' "A History of Classical Scholarship." In his preface to the first edition the author says: "My aim has been, so far as practicable, to produce a readable book, which might also serve as a work of reference." In this he has succeeded admirably, for, although the book is of necessity condensed, owing to the long period covered (from the sixth century B. C. to the end of the middle ages), the reader's interest is well sustained.

In the introductory chapter the author presents his apologia:

"A knowledge of the general course of the history of Classical Scholarship in the past is essential to a complete understanding of its position in the present and its prospects for the future. Such a knowledge is indispensable to the student, and even to the scholar, who desires to make an intelligent use of the leading modern commentaries on classical authors which necessarily refer to the labours of eminent scholars in by-gone days. And the study of that history is not without its incidental points of interest, in so far as it touches on themes of such variety, and such importance, as the earliest speculations on the origin of language, the growth of literary and dramatic criticism at Athens, the learned labours of the critics and grammarians of Alexandria and Rome, and of the lexicographers of Constantinople. It also has its points of contest with the Scholastic Philosophy of the Middle Ages, with the Revival of Learning and the Reformation



of Religion, and with the foundation of the educational systems of the foremost nations of the modern world."

The volume is divided into six books as follows:

- I. The Athenian Age, from 600 to 300 B. C.
- II. The Alexandrian Age, from 300 to the beginning of the Christian era.
- III. The Roman Age of *Latin* Scholarship, from 168 B. C. to 530 A. D.
- IV. The Roman Age of *Greek* Scholarship, from the beginning of the Christian era to 530 A. D.
- V. The Byzantine Age, or the Middle Ages in the East, from 530 to 1350 A. D.
- VI. The Middle Ages in the West, from 530 to 1350 A. D.

There are a number of illustrations, as well as twelve chronological tables scattered through the seven hundred pages of this book. It is a necessary part of the library of the classical student and a valuable acquisition to any other library. ("A History of Classical Scholarship," by John Edwin Sandys, Litt. D. The Cambridge University Press. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Agents, New York.)

T. v. D.

**Tabular Views  
of Universal  
History**

George Palmer Putnam's book, "Tabular Views of Universal History," is a valuable aid to the student of history. It begins with 5000 B. C. and has, since Mr. Putnam's death, been brought up to 1907 by Lynds E. Jones and Simeon Strunsky. In a series of columns are placed, together with their dates, the principle facts in the histories of the most prominent nations, so arranged that parallel historical happenings are found side by side on the page. In this way it is possible to see at a glance what were the important events in different countries at the same date and thus to unite what would otherwise be isolated facts. (Tabular Views of Universal History, by George Palmer Putnam. \$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

J. W. H.

**American  
Philosophy: The  
Early Schools**

The aim of this book, "being both historical and biographical, the work seeks to present tendencies and movements through the personal channels. Hence there are given, in order, the psychological characteristics and intellectual development of each of the more important thinkers, an exposition of his system under the proper metaphysical captions, a summary of his doctrines, and the transitional relations to predecessors and successors, both at home and abroad. Here it is necessary to quote copiously the writers discussed, to let each man speak for himself, for, in the absence of any source book of American philosophy, it has been found necessary to present, in their original form, materials scattered, inaccessible, or almost unknown." This is the author's description of his book as given in the preface. It is a promise that is well fulfilled. Especially interesting and instructive are the quotations from various philosophers.

The volume is divided into five books:

Book I. Puritanism.

Book II. Idealism.

Book III. Deism.

Book IV. Materialism.

Book V. Realism.

These books are preceded by an introduction containing an "Historical Survey" that is of real assistance to the student who approaches a volume of the comprehension of "American Philosophy." A very interesting essay on "Philosophy and Politics" follows the "Historical Survey."

The chapters on "King's College and Princeton" and "The Princeton School" will, of course, appeal especially to the average undergraduate. The volume is dedicated to James Mark Baldwin, who was at one time a professor in this University, and the names of several other Princeton men are among those who have assisted the author in his researches. ("American Philosophy: The Early Schools," by I. Woodbridge Riley, Ph.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

T. v. D.

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